

the *Friend*  
SEPTEMBER 1974







# IT'S COMING!

By Mary Radloff

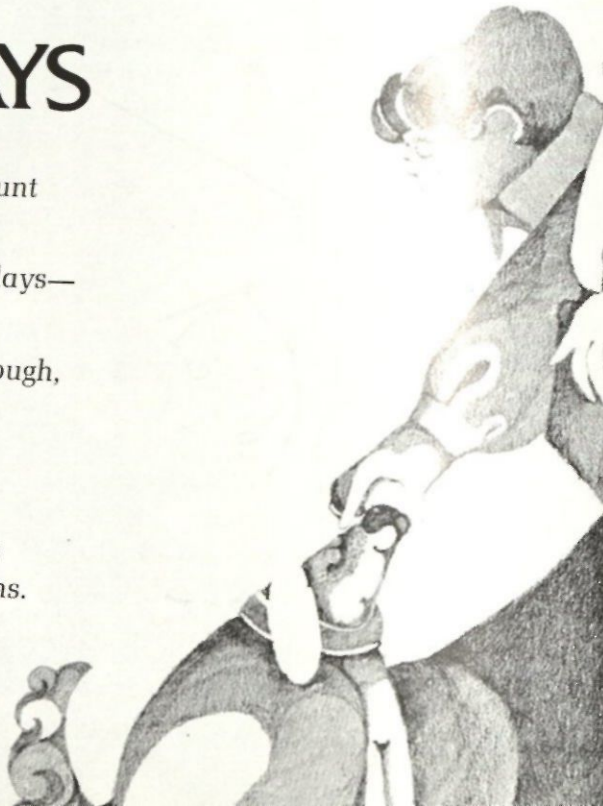
Last year I was little.  
I stood here so still,  
And watched till the school bus  
Came over the hill.  
It took Joe and Ellen  
And my sister Lee.  
It took my pal, John,  
But it didn't take me.  
Today it is coming.  
Just wait till you see,  
The big yellow school bus  
That's coming for me!

# SCHOOL DAYS

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

When school begins, I count and count  
The holidays till school is out.  
I count the months, the weeks, the days—  
I count them up a hundred ways.  
And then when school at last is through,  
I hardly know just what to do.  
I miss the boys and girls and play  
And teacher also every day.  
I count and count till my head spins  
The days and weeks till school begins.

Illustrated by Pat Machin





# THE FRIEND

Published monthly by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
 President W. Kimball  
 Elder L. Tanner  
 Elder G. Romney

## COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Elder Taft Benson  
 Elder E. Petersen  
 Elder L. Stapley  
 Elder R. Richards  
 Elder B. Brown  
 Elder W. Hunter  
 Elder Gordon B. Hinckley  
 Elder Thomas S. Monson  
 Elder Boyd K. Packer  
 Elder Marvin J. Ashton  
 Elder Bruce R. McConkie  
 Elder L. Tom Perry  
 Advisory Committee: J. Thomas Fyans,  
 E. Carr, Doyle L. Green, Dean L. Larsen,  
 Daniel H. Ludlow, and Verl F. Scott

## Consultants:

Church Education Ben Martinez  
 Curriculum Correlation James R. Young  
 Curriculum Planning Lynn Stoddard  
 Primary Mercedes R. Kiepe  
 Relief Society Aline R. Pettit  
 Sunday School Mary Ellen J. Jolley

Dele L. Green, Editor  
 Dele C. Beading, Managing Editor  
 Lawrence Cummins, Associate Editor  
 E. Wardell, Associate Editor  
 Rebecca Townsend, Manuscript Editor  
 Richard Brown, Designer  
 Debra M. Grover, Assistant Designer  
 Glen Snarr, Circulation Director

## CONTENTS

Eyeglasses Are Magic	2
Turoa's New Treat	4
Repentance Story	7
New Skates! New Skates!	8
Friends in the News	10
Repentance Story	11
Friend to Friend	12
The Best Man	14
Spilled Friendship	17
The Valuable Villain	20
Lucky Four-Year-Old	28
Repentance Story	31
That's My Name	32
Our Creative Friends	36
Lynn's Discovery	40
Temarama's Happiest Day	43
Tahiti	Inside back cover

## VERSE

It's Coming	Inside front cover
School Days	Inside front cover

## MUSIC

Repentance	47
THINGS TO MAKE AND DO	
Fun 'n Friendsy	22
September Calendar	24
More Fun 'n Friendsy	26
Hidden Picture	35
Meals for Young Cooks	38
How Repentance Works	46
Secret Ink	48

Cover by Julie Fuhrman

Volume 4, Number 9. Copyright 1974, Corporation of the President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Salt Lake City, Utah. Subscription price \$4.00 a year, in advance; 40¢ a single copy. Thirty days' notice required for change of address. Please include your address label from a recent issue of the magazine when sending a change of address. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address, as well as the new, is included. The Friend is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. All manuscripts should be addressed to the Friend, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.



By Mildred Sallee

Kevin was very happy, for Grandfather had come to visit the family. It was great fun to sit on Grandfather's lap every night, just before bedtime, and listen to him read a story. Kevin wondered why Grandfather always put on a pair of glasses before he began to read. One evening he asked about it.

"I can't read without glasses," Grandfather explained.

When the story time was over, Kevin crawled into bed where he thought about Grandfather's glasses. *They must be magic, he decided. I wish I had a pair so I could read stories too.*

When Grandfather came in to say good-night, Kevin asked, "Can I get some glasses like yours, Grandfather?"

Grandfather laughed. "You don't need glasses, Kevin." Then he kissed his grandson and put the glasses back

in his shirt pocket. "Good night. I'll see you in the morning."

Kevin watched Grandfather leave the room. *Why doesn't Grandfather tell me to have a pair of glasses for my very own?* he wondered.

The next morning Kevin peeked into the kitchen where Grandfather always sat to read the morning paper, and one was in there. Kevin saw Grandfather's glasses lying on the table beside the newspaper. He smiled and hurried over to pick them up.

He looped the earpieces over his ears. "Now I can read too," he thought. He picked up the newspaper and held it in front of his eyes. His smile disappeared.

"They don't work!" he cried. "Everything is blurred and fuzzy."

Then Kevin heard someone coming and turned. Grandfather stood in the doorway.





"Do you think you need glasses, Kevin?" Grandfather asked.

Kevin put the glasses back onto the table. "I thought your glasses were magic, Grandfather," he said, "but they're not. I can't read through them at all. I can't see as well with them on as I can without them."

"Of course you can't," Grandfather said kindly. "Remember when I told you that you didn't need them?" He took Kevin's hand and led him to a window. "Look outside and tell me what you see."

Kevin wondered what that had to do with glasses, but he did as Grandfather told him. "I see flowers in the garden and a gray squirrel in the oak tree," he said and grinned. "There's a fat robin out there too. He's carrying a worm in his beak."

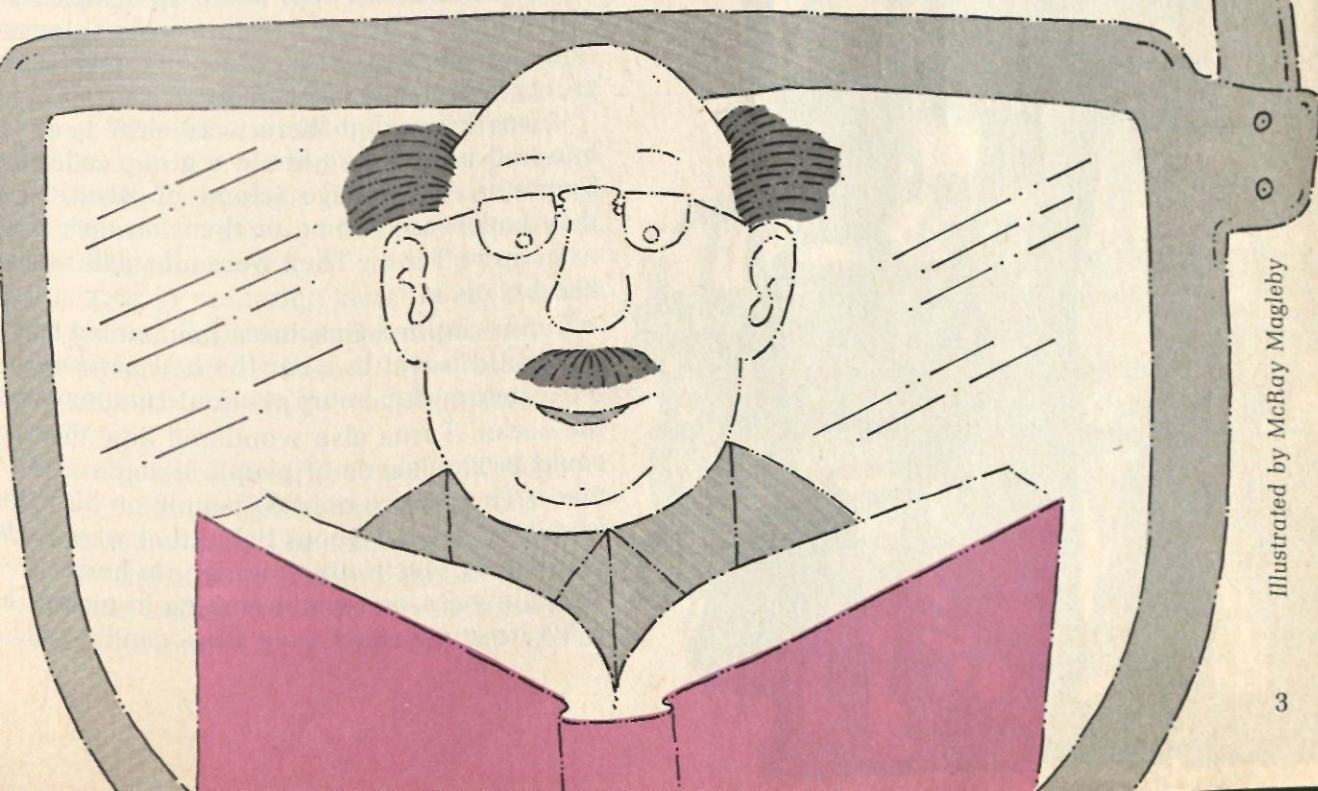
Grandfather walked over to the table, picked up the glasses, and put

them on. He came back and looked out of the window. "With these on I can see the flowers, the squirrel, and the fat robin too," he said. He sat down in a chair and lifted Kevin onto his lap.

"My eyes are not young and strong like yours. They need a little help," he explained. "Sometimes even boys and girls must have help to see so they wear glasses too. Glasses are very good for people who need them, but they are of no use for those who don't."

Kevin was quiet for a few minutes thinking about what Grandfather had told him. Then he said, "I'm glad that you have glasses. They help you to read to me and see lots of things better. I guess they really are magic in a way after all."

"Yes, they are," Grandfather said. "They really are!"




Illustrated by McRay Magleby



A True Story

## TUROA

By Doyle L. Green/Illustrated by T



Turoa stood on the deck of the small ship with one hand on the rail and the other in the hand of his father and looked at the "big" island of Tahiti still many miles away. It was just like the pictures he had seen. He still found it hard to believe that a land could be so high.

"Aue te mou'a e (how high the mountains are)!" Turoa exclaimed, as he squeezed his father's hand with excitement. In a few hours they would actually be landing, and he would be able to see all the things he had heard and dreamed about for so long.

Turoa had lived on the small island of Hikueru all of his six years. He had only heard of other lands—Tahiti, France, his "mother" country, America where the headquarters of the Church were, and New Zealand where the temple for his people was located, but this was the first time Turoa had ever been away from his own island. The missionaries called his island an atoll, meaning an island or reef surrounding a lagoon. The island was made up completely of pure white bits of coral, an accumulation of limestone that looks like a plant that grows in warm ocean waters.

Turoa knew that there were close to a hundred islands like his in a group called the Tuamotu Archipelago (cloud of islands). They had passed some of them on their day trip to Tahiti. They were all small and like his own.

Turoa couldn't imagine a land so big where you could travel in a car (he had never seen a car before) for hours without running out of the ocean. Turoa also wondered how there could be thousands of people living in one place. There were only 60 people on his island. And what about lights that were made possible by electricity coming into homes through wires, and water coming in pipes. The lights he knew came from fires, candles,



# W TREAT

erosene lamps, and the only water, besides what came from coconuts, was rainwater that was collected in barrels from the roof of their house.

How excited Tuora was to at last be on the long-promised and long-awaited trip to Tahiti! He could hardly wait to see the mountains, the people, the stores, the cars, and the horses and cows. But most of all, he looked forward to having an ice-cream cone. The missionaries had often told him how wonderful ice cream tasted. *Pape toetoe monamona* (sweet cold water) they called as they tried to explain what it was like. But Tuora really didn't understand since he had never felt or tasted anything cold before. His island was located in the tropics where it was always warm and where there is no refrigeration. The coolest thing he had ever tasted was the sweet water from young coconuts fresh from the palm trees.

Tuora was happy to see coconut trees on the shores of Tahiti. He couldn't imagine a land without them. In fact, his island was just like one big coconut grove, since it had no soil in which to grow any vegetables or tropical fruits. The trees furnish them with water and food. The soft and filling meat of the young coconut is even fed to babies. Coconut sprouts make a delicious dessert, and the new growth from the crown of the tree is used for salads. Milk squeezed from grated coconut meat is used in preparing many of their meals.

The coconut tree also makes it possible for the people on Tuora's island to have chickens or pigs that eat shredded coconut as their main food.

The walls and part of the roof of Tuora's home are made from woven coconut tree leaves called fronds. The family's cups and bowls are made from coconut shells, and his mother had ironed the shirt he was wearing with an iron heated by a little coconut shell





charcoal fire inside of it.

Turoa's father held in his hand a mat wrapped around some of their clothing and tied with a very strong rope. His mother had woven the mat from coconut tree fronds, and his father had woven the rope from fibers of the thick coconut husks.

The coconut tree even made it possible for their trip to Tahiti. For weeks Turoa had helped his father and mother gather the nuts and carry them to a big pile where his father cut them open with an ax. Then they removed the meat from them and placed it on large wooden trays to dry in the sun. It took many sacks full of this dried coconut to pay their way to and from Tahiti.

Turoa could see a big ship in the harbor flying a French flag, and he wondered if it was the ship that would carry their dried coconut all the way to France. There the oil would be used for making soap, shampoo, cooking oils, and margarine. Some of it might also be used for making cakes and pies and even flavoring for this ice cream he wanted so much to taste.

It seemed that it took forever for the ship to reach the island. Then there was another delay while they transferred their bundles to a taxi that would take them to the house of an aunt and uncle who lived on the outskirts of the city.

Turoa was excited as he rode in the taxi and saw hundreds of cars and people on the streets. His father pointed out to him the different kinds of tropical fruit trees—banana, orange, mango, papaya, and many others. "And that," his father said, pointing to a big animal, "is a horse."

They finally reached his uncle's house where they unpacked and had a refreshing bath in a nearby stream. Then his father said, "Now, Turoa, what is the first thing you would like to do?"

Turoa quickly asked, "Could we have an ice-cream cone?"

"Certainly," his father said with a big smile as he took Turoa by the hand and walked to the ice-cream store. Turoa's eyes grew bigger and bigger as he saw the man in the store take a large round-shaped spoon, reach down into a box that looked like a tub, and bring it up filled with ice cream. He

placed it on top of a hollow cookie that looked like a funnel. All Turoa could do a while was hold it in both hands and eat it.

"Go ahead and taste it," his father encouraged, "but don't be surprised when you find out that cold is different from anything you have ever known before."

Slowly Turoa raised the ice cream to his mouth and put his lips on it, but immediately he jerked it away, saying, "Ua veavea (it's hot)."

"No," his father said as he smiled, "it's hot and it won't burn you. Ice cream is cold. It just seems hot because it is a new sensation you have never felt before."

Turoa cautiously put the ice cream to his lips again and slowly licked it with his tongue. It was sweet and cold and tasted so good that soon it was all gone. "Daddy," he asked, "before we leave to go back home, may I please have another ice-cream cone?"

His father picked him up, held him in his arms, and said, "You certainly must. Turoa's father knew it might be years before Turoa could taste ice cream again. "In fact," he told him, "you may have an ice-cream cone every day we are here like."





## A PEACEFUL HEART



ranslating the ancient and strange looking writing on the gold plates was not a job that just anyone could do. Such an important work needed to be done by someone who was especially prepared by the Lord to do it.

Because of his spiritual nature and his willingness to learn the truth, Joseph Smith was tested and found worthy to be the translator of the Book of Mormon. To help him with the translation, Joseph found with the gold plates "a curious instrument which the ancients called Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones set in a rim of a bow fastened to a breastplate."

Joseph also used an egg-shaped, brown rock for translating called a seer stone. The translating was done at Peter Whitmer's home, a friend of the Prophet's where Oliver Cowdery, Emma Smith (Joseph's wife), one of the Whitmers, or Martin Harris wrote down the words spoken by the Prophet as soon as they were made known to him.

Martin Harris said that on the seer stone "sentences would appear and were read by the Prophet and written by [the one writing them down] and when finished [that person] would say 'written;' and if correctly written, the sentence would disappear and another take its place; but if not written correctly it remained until corrected, so that the translation was just as it was engraved on the plates."

Even with the help of the Urim and Thummim and the seer stone, it wasn't easy to translate the sacred record. It required the Prophet's greatest concentration and spiritual strength.

Joseph's friend, David Whitmer, said that sometimes when the Prophet would try to translate, "he was spiritually blind" and could not do it. Joseph explained that when that happened it was because his mind "dwelt too much on earthly things."

One morning the Prophet was unhappy with his wife Emma over a household matter. When he went upstairs where Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer were waiting to continue with the translation, he still had a bad feeling about his wife in his heart. Joseph tried to translate but not even a syllable of a word came to him; and he knew why. Joseph went downstairs and out into an orchard where he prayed to the Lord.

After about an hour, Joseph returned to the house feeling humble and repentant. He asked Emma to forgive him for his lack of understanding. Then he went back upstairs where he was able to translate without any difficulty.

David Whitmer also understood why the Prophet couldn't translate just an hour before. He said, "Now we see how very strict the Lord is, and how he requires the heart of man to be just right in his sight before he can receive revelations from him."